Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)
Whose better dayes death hath shut vp in woe?
The fayrest floure our gyrlond all emong,
Is faded quite and into dust ygoe.
Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe
The songs that *Colin* made in her prayse,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes,
O heauie herse,
Now is time to dye. May time was long ygoe,
O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buryed long in Winters bale:
Yet soone as spring his mantle doth displaye,
Ne floureth fresh, as it should neuer fayle?
But thing on earth that is of most availe,
As vertues braunch and beauties budde,
Reliuen not for any good.
O heauie herse,
The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes must quaile,
O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a woful word to sayne)
For beauties prayse and pleasaunce had no pere:
So well she couth the shepherds entertayne,
With cakes and cracknells and such country chere.
Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine,
For she would cal hem often heme
And giue hem curds and clouted Creame.
O heauie herse,
Als *Colin clout* she would not once disdayne.
O carefull verse.

But nowe like happy cheere is turnd to heauie chaunce,
Such pleasaunce now displaft by dolors dint:
All Muslick sleepes, where death doth leade the daunce,
And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.
The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct,

The gaudie girlonds deck her graue,
The faded flowres her corse embraue
O heauie herse,
Worne nowe my Muse, now worne with
O carefull verse.

O thou greate shepheard *Lobbin*, how gr
Where bene the noselayes that she digl
The colourd chaplets wrought with a c
The knotted rushrings, and gilte Rosen
For shee deemed nothing too deere for t
Ah they bene all yclad in clay,
One bitter blast blewe all away.
O heauie herse,
Thereof nought remaynes but the mem
O carefull verse.

Ay me that dreerie death should strike so
That can vndoe Dame natures kindly
The faded lockes fall from the loftie ok
The flouds do gaspe, for dryed is theyr
And flouds of teares flowe in theyr stea
The mantled medowes mourne,
Theyr sondry colours tourne.
O heauie herse,
The heauens doe melt in teares withou
O carefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their fo
And hang theyr heads, as they would l
The beastes in forest wayle as they we
Except the Wolues, that chase the wa
Now she is gon that safely did hem ke
The Turtle on the bared braunch,
Laments the wound, that death did
O heauie herse,
And *Philomele* her song with teares do
O carefull verse.